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PINE DRIVE

Alaska Nuggets

1911



CHOWAN COLLEGE

Murfreesboro, N. C.



JAMES D. BRUNER, PH.D.

TO
JAMES D. BRUNER, PH.D.
OUR LOVED AND HONORED PRESIDENT
WE DEDICATE THIS
RECORD OF OUR COLLEGE LIFE

James Dowden Bruner

JAMES DOWDEN BRUNER, President of Chowan College, is a native of Kentucky. He studied during the year 1892-93 in Paris and Florence, and received the degree of Ph.D. from the Johns Hopkins University in 1894. His undergraduate work was done largely at Georgetown College, Kentucky, where he was Instructor in Latin in 1885-86. After teaching in various public and private schools, Dr. Bruner became Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Illinois, where he remained for two years. In 1895 he became acting head of the department of Romance Languages and Literatures in the University of Chicago. In 1901 he was elected head of the department of Romance Languages and Literatures in the University of North Carolina. He held this position for eight years.

Dr. Bruner is also a man of letters, being the author of numerous magazine articles, of a book of essays on Victor Hugo's Dramatic Characters, and of a dissertation on the Dialect of Pistoia. He is the author of four textbooks, as follows: Editions of Chateaubriand's *Le Dernier Abencerrage*, Feuillet's *Le Roman du Jeune Homme Pauvre*, Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, and Corneille's *Le Cid*. He is engaged in the preparation of other articles and books.

College Song

TUNE —“MY MARYLAND”

*Dear old Chowan, dear old Chowan,
How dearly do we love thee!
How proud are we that we are here
Our loyalty to prove thee.
Nowhere do birds sing quite so sweet,
Nowhere do schoolgirls look so neat,
In all the sunny South so fair
No place is there above thee.*

*Dear old Chowan, dear old Chowan,
With all its nooks and bowers,
Where students stroll and talk and play
Among the grass and flowers,
Nowhere the sun shines half so bright,
Nowhere are moonbeams half so white,
Within thy walls and campus fair
How quickly pass the hours!*

*Dear old Chowan, dear old Chowan,
In time we all must leave thee.
But by our words and deeds of fame
A history we'll weave thee,
No matter what the times may bring
Thy praises will we always sing,
May this our aim our whole lives be—
We'll nothing do to grieve thee.*

—E. L. E., '11.



THE FACULTY

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(Johns Hopkins University)

Education and French

MRS. JAMES D. BRUNER, A.B., LADY PRINCIPAL

(University of Chicago)

English and German

MISS CARRIE S. JOHNSON

(New England Conservatory of Music)

Piano

MISS LOIS H. VANN, B.O.

(Chowan College, Emerson College of Oratory)

Expression, History, and Physical Culture.

*MISS LUVELLA SHIELDS

(Michigan State Normal Conservatory, Albion College Conservatory)

Voice, Harmony, and Musical History

*MISS MARY L. PATRICK, B.A.

(Judson College)

Mathematics

MISS LILLIAN ETHEL PARROTT

(Meredith College)

Art and Preparatory Department

MISS LOULA B. OLIVE, A.B.

(Meredith College)

Secondary Education

REV. ALBERT T. HOWELL, B.A.

(Wake Forest College)

Bible and Moral Science

*Resigned

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(Salem College, Columbia University)

Latin and French

MISS LOUISE C. LANNEAU, A.B.
(Meredith College, Wake Forest College)

Natural Sciences

MISS BELLE VANN
(Chowan College, New England Conservatory of Music)

Piano

Other Officers

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Librarian

MISS MINNIE GASKINS
Matron

MRS. M. A. HORNER
Housekeeper

J. G. LIVERMAN
Superintendent of Grounds

Editors' Note

WE wish to thank members of the Faculty and other friends for their assistance in publishing this, the first Annual of Chowan College. Our highest ambition for ALASKA NUGGETS is that this first edition may be followed by many more, each coming nearer to perfection than the last, until finally our wit shall shine more brightly than Alaska Gold, and our reproductions of College life be more luminous than those ideal pictures of that Alaska College for Women represented to us in many chapel talks.



THE EDITORS

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Class of 1911

Yell:

Boom rah! boom rah! rah, rah, ree,
Boom rah! boom rah! rah, rah, ree,
Seniors, Seniors, now are we.
One-a-zip, two-a-zip, zip, zip, zeven.
Rah, rah, rah, for 1911.

Colors:

Garnet and Old Gold

Flower:

Daisy

Motto:

"Faithful in all things"

Officers

BEULAH VAUGHAN, *President*

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CLARA EDWARDS, *Historian*

LILA BRETT, *Prophetess*

LIZZIE STEPHENSON, *Poet*



LILA ELEY BRETT

WINTON, N. C.

"One in whom persuasion and belief had ripened into faith, and faith become a passionate intuition."

Of Lila we can say the best, that she truly lives up to our motto, "Faithful in all things." She is an earnest worker in the Missionary Society and her religious influence in the school is much felt.

EMMA DAUGHT CARTER

HOBBSVILLE, N. C.

*"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."*

Five years ago Daught came to us. She remained three years, passing through the Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior years with much credit and honor to herself. She taught school during '09 and '10. The joys of being a Senior were too strong a temptation for her, however, and the seventh of September, '10, brought her back to join the Class of '11.

She wins first rank in scholarship and has the honor of appearing on the Commencement program.





CLARA LUCY EDWARDS

PENDLETON, N. C.

*"There was a soft and pensive grace
A cast of thought about her face."*

Of all the Class, Clara is the most dignified, and although she is somewhat reticent, one may detect from the occasional twinkle of the eye that she is capable of a jest and can engage in a school frolic.

EUNICE LEDBETTER EVANS

MURFREESBORO, N. C.

*"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not
dull; strong without rage; without o'er-
flowing full."*

Eunice, small in stature, modest, reserved, lovable, strong in intellect and in character, winner of the first honor, and the English Medal in Class of '10, claims her degree this year with distinction. She has, too, made lasting friends by her little acts of kindness and womanly bearing.

The ANNUAL is much indebted to her as its Editor-in-chief.





ANNIE DOSHER HOWELL

MURFREESBORO, N. C.

"Is there a heart that music can not melt?"

Annie's chief characteristic is her devotion to music; her greatest grief is her inability to find a vacant piano for extra practice.

She has a fine record as a student and is the winner of the English Medal for 1911.

CLAUDINE LOUISE JOYNER

AULANDER, N. C.

*"Let the world slide, let the world go.
A fig for a care, a fig for a woe."*

Here is the jolliest girl of our Class, fun-loving, good-natured, happy-go-lucky.

Claudine is always in search of fun, and her merry laugh rings out in the halls. While other brows are dark and perplexed over the problems of geometry and Normal Two, we find her laughing because things are no worse.





MARY THOMAS PARKER

RICH SQUARE, N. C.

"My heart is true as steel."

Behold our athlete! Never is she too busy to play tennis, or too tired for basket ball. In anything relating to athletics we should be willing to put up Mary against anybody.

VIRGINIA SHAW SEWELL

MYRFREESBORO, N. C.

"To see her is to love her, and love but her forever."

Jennie's sweet voice and gentle manners have won for her the love of all her school-mates and the admiration of all with whom she comes in contact. Just one look at those soft brown eyes will tell you that she is a dreamer. Her dreaming, however, does not detract from her ability as a student, for she has succeeded well in all her studies, even in Normal Two.





ELIZABETH E. STEPHENSON

PENDLETON, N. C.

*"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."*

Gentle and amiable in disposition, she carries herself with all the stateliness and dignity of a queen.

She is greatly admired for her sweet voice, and since she won the Voice Medal in '10, she is always singing of the trees, the brooks, the flowers, and birds, especially "martins."

We can't quite account for the great interest she takes in all that goes on at W. F. C., since she has no brother there.

LENNIE GOODWIN STEPHENSON

PENDLETON, N. C.

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness."

If Lennie could be characterized by one word, it would be "cheerfulness," for no matter how cloudy the day or how hard the lessons she always has a bright smile and a pleasant word for everybody.

Her sweet voice has been heard in many recitals and her leaving means a great loss to the Music Department.





BASHIE CORNELIA SYKES

CONWAY, N. C.

*"Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double.
Up! up! my friend and clear your looks.
Why all this toil and trouble?"*

Certainly that look is one of a student. Yes, she is truly the most studious of the Class. Could we dissect her brain we should find there lines, angles, and circles, chemistry formulae and laws, and problems in physics, but above them all would be page after page of Cicero's Orations, since Latin is her favorite study.

BEULAH MAE VAUGHAN

POWELLVILLE, N. C.

"With a heart for any fate."

Beulah is without a doubt our typical college girl. Not only is she quick and apt in her studies but in everything else at which she tries her hand. She is popular with all the girls from the dignified Seniors to the poor little Freshmen, who find in her a comforter. From the band of Freshmen she has chosen one to love and protect. The bonds of friendship between Achilles and Patroclus were not closer than those between Beulah and Bruce.



Prophecy of Class of 1911

SINCE I have been allowed to assume the foreknowledge of a superhuman being and to look into the future of these brave heroines before me, I will say with the superhuman in *Macbeth*:

"When shall we twelve meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won—
That will be ere the set of sun."

We realize that the sun has almost set on our schooldays and we must soon go into a wider life.

As a prophetess, though the most rejected of people, it is my privilege to look into the future of these my classmates and tell what each must face. If I remember rightly, although I am not so sure of the past as of the future, I believe Dr. Bruner has advised us to hitch our wagons to stars. When we became frightened at the heroes of the *Æneid* and the lines and angles of Geometry, these words rang in our ears. When, too, we were weary of struggling with the ideas of Pestalozzi, or with the investigations of Froebel and of Herbart, we took new courage and pressed to our stars. To reach the greatest star became the aim of my classmates, but soon they were weary of their struggle and disappeared, leaving Dr. Bruner sitting on the edge of the firmament reaching for his star, while I am standing near in amazement, gazing at the great height to be attained.

A soft voiced Urania, the Muse of Astronomy, speaks to me, saying, "Turn your telescope on the heavens and take a general sweep." There I behold a light which dazzles my eyes, brighter by far than any star of the first magnitude. The second peep reveals to me our President, Beulah Vaughan, who has outstripped us in her journey just as she always did in our college days. You will surely like to know why she is so luminous; this is because at Chowan College she began her dramatic work and has continued to advance on the road of oratory, until at last she has become a star and is shining in the theatrical band of the Celestial sphere.

Mary Parker, the athlete of our Class, comes whirling in from the far-extending space. She moves with such rapidity in a parabolic orbit that I believe she was in a tennis tournament and herself instead of the ball was accidentally struck. Perhaps she may be attracted by some great sun and will change her orbit to an ellipse which will hold her among the invisible stars.

Turning the telescope in another direction, I behold a faint point of light twinkling in the distance; for the first time since we left old Chowan I see Lennie Stephenson. We all can easily understand how she reached such a height, for she

was trilling the high soprano notes and, unconscious of earthly existence, was caught up in a comet's tail and carried out of sight. There she continues to trill the merry notes in a Celestial conservatory of music.

Who do you suppose is the next I see? Why, Jennie Sewell, so attractive and charming that she is attended by more satellites than Jupiter. But, alas, these satellites will retire, feeling themselves eclipsed by a zealous "Gardner."

One night a message comes to me that there is a new star in the heavens. At once I turn my telescope in the way directed and observe a red planet with vapor arising from its surface. Oh! that is Daught Carter, who taught old red back Normal Two to a class of weeping Seniors, but after a few years decided that she would be happier grinding at "Mills" than teaching Normal Two to girls in tears.

Do I see a star gliding swiftly by? I do, and Claudine Joyner I spy. She must have been asleep when the breakfast bell rang or absent trying to work out the date of Judgment Day, for this problem always gave her more trouble than the dates already known. But she is never left, and comes skipping in behind the others with a happy smile on her face. She was equally lucky at Chowan when, although sleeping until the breakfast bell, she would get up thinking she heard the rising bell, and yet skip in to breakfast smiling.

I look around for Bashie Sykes, but at first fail to find her. At last, down in the horizon, I find she has stopped to spend a few years teaching Latin. Plenty of time and thorough work are her special characteristics, you know. She will come after a while, don't fear.

Then I heard a roaring in the skies, gradually vanishing away in sweet strains of music which startle me. I need not tell you my surprise when I find Annie Howell in a conservatory of music, teaching the favorite harmonies of Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven.

I can not delay longer as I have found all but three classmates; surely I shall find these. Yes, here is Clara Edwards, dignified and stately, just home from her trip abroad. She has cast her lot with those in the hospital, nursing the sufferers injured by falling stars.

In the Milky Way I chance to glance, wondering what can be the cause of this white luminous band in the heavens. I find Lizzie Stephenson, a charming bride, with her train glittering across the skies.

The last on my list, but by no means the least, is Eunice Evans, who is a brilliant star shot over from 1910 to take the A.B. degree. Oft she came to us in her gentle, sweet way and helped us over the difficult problems with which we struggled at Chowan. We then thought her a star on earth, but it is now my privilege to gaze at her as a star in heaven, still conquering every difficulty.

Now in an instant the Class of '11 and '12, minus one, comes together around one common point, which is the Chowan of the skies, and from which each must radiate. All with one voice are praising the worthy Dr. Bruner who so fearlessly piloted them through their stormy voyage, and they are heralding the fair name of their Alma Mater through the heavens. The missing one, on whom falls the thankless task, joins in praise from below.

L. E. B.

Senior Class Song

TUNE, "AMERICA"

*Hail to the Senior band!
Fresh, Soph, and Junior land
Now all are past,
Only one aim had we—
Seniors so grand to be,
And tho' but few you see
We're here at last.*

*Soon we had reached the goal
And found that we, behold!
Had just begun,
Latin and Normal Two
Too oft have made us blue,
Yet we're been firm and true
And now we've won.*

*"Faithful in all things" we
Our motto chose to be,
And we always
Have tried with soul and mind
To do the work assigned
Faithfully and loyally
Thro' all the days.*

*Now that our work is o'er
Seniors we'll be no more;
'Tis sad to tell.
Now all our schoolmates near,
And all our teachers here,
And Alma Mater dear,
To thee farewell.*

—E. L. E., '11.

A Senior's View of Examinations

IN examining diseases physicians always try to find some means by which the cause may be discovered. After that has been done, they then give prescriptions that will remove the cause. Now that we have had the disease of examinations several times during the past four years, we are competent to prescribe a cure for it.

The combined wisdom of the Class of 1911 offers the following recommendations to the Faculty of Chowan College for future years:

First, That all tears before, on or after examinations be forbidden.

Second, That the three hours of examinations be divided by three.

Third, That the teachers tell the pupils exactly what questions will be asked.

Fourth, On Latin and Mathematics examinations all ponies and keys be freely allowed.

Fifth, That alarm clocks be allowed to wake up the girls in Normal Two, any time during the night, in order that they may pass on Dr. Bruner's examinations.

Sixth, That the teacher of Geometry accept a plane figure to represent a solid.

Seventh, We recommend a new text book in Geometry and Trigonometry in which all spherical triangles be lucidly explained.

Eighth, That quadratic equations, radicals and the binominal theorem be relegated to the observatory.

Ninth, That all dates in history be confined to the Founding of Rome, Discovery of America, Norman Conquest, and Declaration of Independence.

Tenth, That only the formulae of water and sulphuric acid be required to be memorized in Chemistry, and that all gases with taste and odor never be allowed to be made in the laboratory of Chowan College.

Eleventh, We recommend to the trustees telescopes sufficient to reveal the discovery of new stars.

- Twelfth, That the laws of physics be so subordinated to the experiments, that even a prep may understand as she reads them.
- Thirteenth, That tests in spelling be allowed until the Senior year, when it shall be considered incompatible with the dignity of such a class.
- Fourteenth, Instead of exempts being given on the average of ninety, they be given on the average of seventy.
- Fifteenth, That the pledge be changed from "I have neither given nor received any aid on this examination," to "I have passed on this examination and the teacher is obliged to accept this statement."
- Sixteenth, That the words "not passed" be banished and in their place substitute the words "exempt forever."

C. J.





JUNIOR CLASS



Junior Class

Motto:

"Reach high, but aim higher"

Flower:

Sweet pea

Colors:

Champagne and light blue

Officers

GRACE STRAHL.....	<i>President</i>
MAGGIE WEST.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
CLAUDE STEPHENSON.....	<i>Secretary</i>
LIZZIE MORRIS.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

GEORGIA BARTLEY
LIZZIE MORRIS
CLAUDE STEPHENSON
GRACE STRAHL
MAGGIE WEST

Yell:

Rah, rah, rah, rah,
rah, rah, rah,
Hear us, hear us
what we are

We are only what
we seem,
Chowan's "Great Big"
Junior team.

Junior Chronicles

AS I think over the past of this illustrious Class, I feel as if I could write volumes. Upon reflection, however, I see that it would be history—ancient, mediæval and modern, to compass this entire subject and that would be beyond my powers. I have a vision, too, of my carefully prepared manuscript being returned in such a revised condition that I might ask, “Whatever can this be?” That experience, too, would be disheartening. Hoping this attempt may escape such treatment and that formidable waste basket in the President’s study, where student efforts are, alas! often consigned to oblivion, I begin with confidence.

On September 7, 1908, several trembling, homesick girls mounted the steps of the C. B. F. Institute. We were met by Mrs. Scarborough, who was so kind and motherly that we seemed for awhile to forget our troubles. As we stood about gazing disconsolately on former students, we heard on all sides remarks concerning our need of salt and our resemblance to a campus in spring, but we knew that all such remarks were only for effect, for not a thing of green was about us.

However, we soon went through the usual Freshman trials of homesickness, examinations, and condescending treatment from Sophomores. To relieve our hearts we wept copiously once a week. I regret to say we didn’t bottle up our tears for exhibition to future Freshmen. And strange to say, we occasionally saw a “mighty Soph” weeping when she didn’t think Freshmen were near.

When we met the following September in the halls, although we were considered to be Sophomores, we felt almost as if we were Freshmen over again, for there had been many changes during the summer. First of all, there was a new President of the school, and several additional members of the Faculty, and changes in the interior of the buildings, an increase in the library books, new pianos, etc. The charter of the school, it was learned, would be changed, and the Institute would grow into a College. As loyal Sophs we rejoiced in all these improvements.

In the fall of 1910 only two Juniors from our small Class returned, Maggie West and Elizabeth Morris. We were greatly disappointed at this small number. Cupid and other equally formidable foes had stolen away some of our members. Fortunately, our Class was soon increased to five by the coming of Grace Strahl and Claude Stephenson, who were admitted to the Junior Class from other schools. Afterwards, Georgie Bartley, deciding to graduate in music rather than to finish her literary work with the Class of 1911, joined our choice band.

School life would have been monotonous but we were interrupted by ebills and “hots,” to use the Alaska phrase. We took quinine until we were afraid to look into the glass for fear we had turned into a capsule. But the worst of things

has an end and so did these chills. We were, however, so much beautified by our sojourn in the infirmary that we were scarcely recognizable.

The year's experience of Hallowe'en ghosts, pillow fights, April fool jokes, spirit rappings at night, visits from the "Lady in Brown," the making of "pie" beds, an occasional attempted midnight feast, dodging umbrella-like hats, sometimes the studying for exempts, or worrying over troublesome tests and tedious examinations, claimed our attention. With such occupations the year passed to spring. Then, led by the storm of college spirit following the granting by the Legislature of the charter to Chowan College, we organized as a Class, elected officers, discovered a melodious yell, and selected as our motto,

"Reach high, but aim higher."

With this motto on our lips and in our hearts we valiantly await the burdens of Senior-dom. M. W.

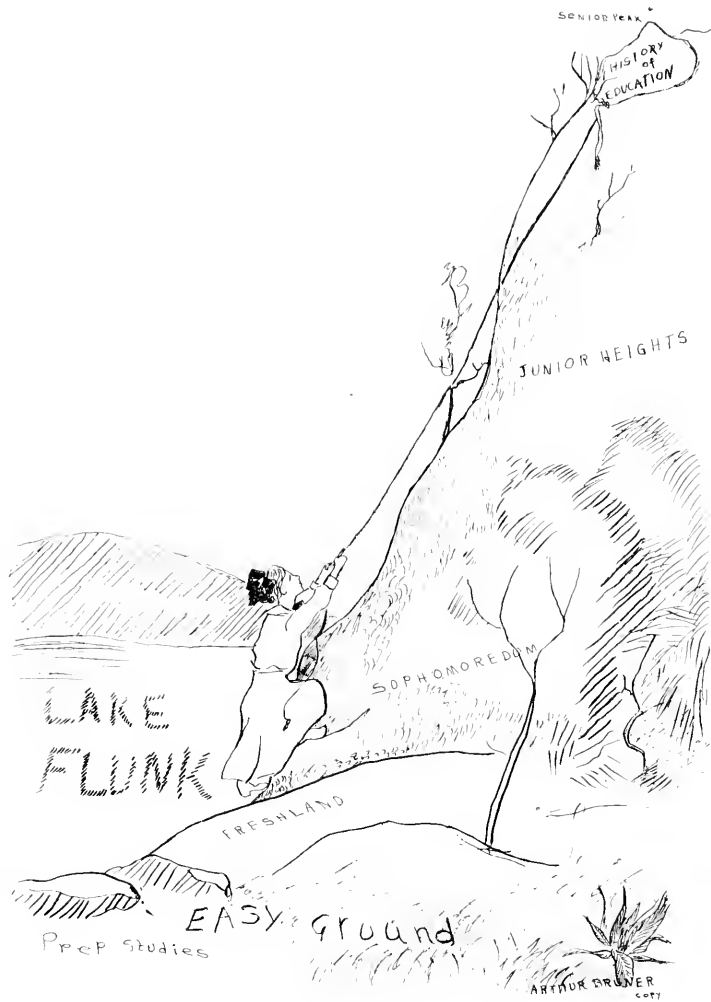


IN MEMORIAM

LULA I. NORTH COTT

DIED MARCH 9, 1911

"The memory of the just is blessed"





SOPHOMORE CLASS

Class of 1913

Motto: "Gradatim ad Metam."

Colors:

Purple and Old Gold

Flower:

Violet

Yell:

Boom-a-lak, boom-a-lak,

Bow-wow-wow,

Chic-a-lak, chic-a-lak,

Chow-chow-chow.

Boom-a-lak, chic-a-lak,

Who are we?

We are the Sophomores of old C. C.

Officers

President, RENNIE SPIVEY

Vice-President, ETHEL BURDEN

Secretary, LOUISE VANN

Treasurer, MARY DAVENPORT

Historian, MADGE CONWELL

Prophet, ZALIA LANE

Poet, MARY EMMA LONG

Class Roll

BANKS, ETTA

BAUGHM, MAGGIE

BAZEMORE, RUTH

BURDEN, ETHEL

CONWELL, MADGE

COWAN, MARY

DAVENPORT, MARY

DAY, EUNICE

ELEY, MYRTLE

ERIKSON, MARY

FETRELL, ROSA

LANE, ZALIA

LONG, MARY EMMA

MARTIN, EUNICE

PILAND, GEORGIA

POWERS, GENEVA

SPIVEY, RENNIE

VANN, LOUISE

WHITE, UNA

Class Letter from "1913"

MY DEAR GENEVA:

I was indeed surprised to get your letter and especially to know that you, our timid, bashful, little girl, were traveling in Africa. I have been reading with much interest those articles in the *Cosmopolitan* on a "Trip through Africa," but I never dreamed that the famous author of them was my old classmate, Geneva. I am really proud of you and am sure that the other girls will be also when they hear of your success.

You asked me in your letter if I ever heard anything about the other girls of our Class. Well, yes, in the past year I have either seen or heard from all of them. I tell you first what I know about Maggie, the fluent talker of our Class. You remember we always thought she would be an orator. The last I heard of her she was traveling through Texas giving humorous lectures.

"Ah!" you say, "but surely Ruth Bazemore is not an old maid. She who used to receive at least six letters a week from her beaux." You would scarcely recognize Ruth of old college days in the sour expression on her face, for the smile has turned into a frown as she thinks of her age and the gathering crow-feet. She spends most of her time in her little cottage with her cats and parrots, of which she was always fond.

A bright star in the person of Etta Banks has appeared in the Latin world. She has accepted a permanent position to teach Caesar to the Chowan College Preparatory students. The gratitude of the Class was so great that they erected to Miss Banks a marble monument as substantial as that heavy block once in chapel.

Soon after Mary Cowan left Chowan she got the idea into her head that she wanted to enter a profession. She took the law course at Chapel Hill and settled in Winton. It is said she has never been known to lose a case, and the people of Hertford County look on Lawyer Cowan as a living wonder.

You know, of course, where Madge is, and what she is doing. She decided that long before she left school. In the summer of '13 she returned to her home in Mexico and there, with her great store of love and knowledge, is doing much to uplift the children of the slums in the City of Mexico.

One of the Class has changed her religious views and become a Roman Catholic. Think a moment and you will know who this one is. You remember Mary Davenport's ideas were always changing. After becoming a Sister of Charity, Mary went to New York, where I saw her last summer ministering to the needy. I haven't heard from her since then, but no doubt she has changed her views again by this time.

Eunice Day has become a world-famed author, writing under the *nom de plume* of Jack. Strange to say, all her love stories have a sad and melancholy ending, due, I suppose, to the fact that she has never met her heart's desire.

On a recent trip to Menola I spied a little cottage far back from the street. On inquiring about its occupant, I found it to be the home of our old classmate Myrtle, who was spending her time puzzling her brains over an invention to help poor school girls take notes. Her hand was still suffering, so she said, from the effects of taking botany notes.

You know Mary Erickson took the course in Expression at Chowan in order to defend her beloved cause "Woman's Rights." After years of patient toiling she has succeeded in becoming the world's famous lecturer on suffrage.

Rosa Futrell has chosen teaching as her life work. Better order was never kept anywhere than in her schoolroom. Her pupils all declare that she has eyes the whole way around her head. Nevertheless, they all love her, and think there is no one like Miss Futrell.

Next I will tell you of Mary Emma Long, the gifted poet of our Class. Fate had not marked out a common course for this bright girl. In the last three years she has written poetry we thought equal to that of Byron or Tennyson. A poem in honor of her Alma Mater which she thought would take a high rank in the literary world, by accident got into the college furnace and such was the fire of her imagination in this, that even in January the C. O. V. A. hall on the top floor became unendurably hot.

The reserved and stately Eunice Martin was born for no other purpose than to be a Math. teacher. You remember how fond of Mathematics she was during her college days. After graduating she took a special course at Cornell, and taught Math. for a year in one of the best colleges in the South. On account of her wandering disposition, however, she gathered up her angles and triangles and marched into Peru where she can be seen teaching Trigonometry to the Tree Dwellers.

I had always wondered who would be the first to depart from "single blessedness," and I wasn't at all surprised when I found that Georgia was married. I always thought that she, with her gentleness and dignity, would some day grace a home. In her little home town she may be found perfectly happy in a vine clad cottage built for two.

Listen, now, as I tell you of the lot of our President, Rennie Spivey. After finishing the course at Chowan, she went North to take a special course in voice training. On account of her perseverance she has outrivaled Nordica with her vocal accomplishments.

Louise Vann, one of the youngest but none the less one of the brightest girls of our Class, in '14 took the B.O. degree at Emerson, and has become a star behind the footlights. She has lost none of her characteristic vivacity, but talks less rapidly since her Boston experience.

You remember Ethel Burden's executive ability, and benevolent disposition. Being desirous of refining those poor Alaska girls whose ways Dr. Bruner has so often told us about, she decided to take up a Government claim in Idaho and found a college for those uncultivated Alaskans. She has established a fine system of irrigation, "has made the desert blossom as a rose," and along with the cultivation of the soil is subduing the Esquimo pupils.

Chancing to be in Chicago, and visiting one of the best hospitals in the city, whom should I see but my old classmate Urna White, decked in white apron and

cap. I am sure her rubber-heeled shoes would have been a delight to Mrs. Bruner's eyes and ears. In her pockets she carried enough bottles of quinine, strychnine, and iron to get any patient out of bed. Surely she must have learned the power of such tonic in old Chowan under Miss Minnie.

I suppose you are wondering what I have been doing since leaving Chowan. I must confess that I suffered somewhat from nervous exhaustion during my Junior and Senior years. This was the result of the exertions I put forth in preparing so much material for the first edition of ALASKA NUGGETS, for you will recall that to our Class was due the credit of suggesting the publishing of that book, and of doing much of the literary work for it.

The great excitement, too, caused by giving so often our Class yell further exhausted my nervous system. For months I was haunted by those cries of

"Boom-a-lak, boom-a-lak,
Bow, wow, wow,
Chic-a-lak, chic-a-lak," etc.

until I feared I should lose my reason. After graduation it was necessary for me to spend some months at a sanatorium where I gradually recovered. This year I have felt strong enough to return to Chowan, where I am taking a special course in Geometry, of which you remember I was very fond. Next year I expect to teach that subject in a woman's college in the Canal Zone, for I prefer that climate to Alaska.

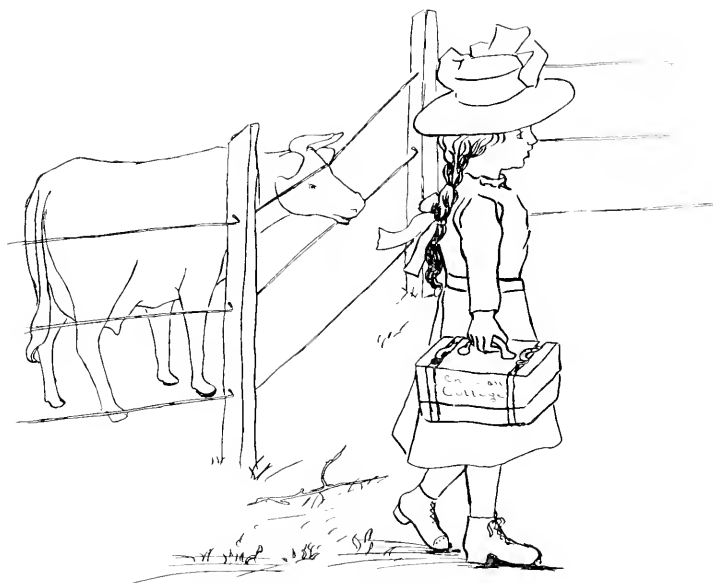
Do return from Africa in time to be with us at our Class reunion next September.

Your old friend,

ZALIA LANE.

MURFREESBORO, N. C., May 16, 1917.





Mrs. Cow "How my mouth waters!
I haven't seen anything so fresh and green since last Sept.

Whitaker Library
Chowan College
Do not take from library



FRESHMAN CLASS

Class of 1914

Motto: "Strive for Greater Things"

Colors:

Garnet and White

Flower:

Marcelad Niel Rose

Yell:

Rip rah, rip rah, rip rah, rhe,
Who are, who are, who are we?
Lucky ones! Plucky ones!
Rip rah, reven!
We're the Freshman of 1911.

Officers

President, JENNIE FEREBEE

Vice-President, BRUNICE JENKINS

Secretary, NANCY BENTHALL

Treasurer, ROBERTA PEELE

Historian, ILLMA MEADS

Poet, NANCY VANN

Prophet, MARY WIGGINS

Members

MARY ALSTON

ANNIE BARNACASEL

MYRTLE BAZEMORE

NANCY BENTHALL

ANNIE BOONE

ISLA BRITT

RUTH COOK

SADIE CULLENS

EUNOVA LOWE

ILLMA MEADS

IVA LOVE MITCHELL

OLA MOREHEAD

EDNA PARKER

JANIE PARKER

ROBERTA PEELE

MARION PICOT

LALA DAVIDSON

ESSIE DOUGHTIE

JENNIE FEREBEE

JANIE FUTRELL

BRUNICE JENKINS

MABEL JENKINS

RUTH LASSITER

NELLIE LAWRENCE

CORA SAWYER

LYDIA STORY

BRUCE TAYLOR

PAULINE TAYLOR

NANCY VANN

MAMIE WARD

MARY WIGGINS

ANNIE S. WINBORNE

Struggles of the Freshman Muse

WHEN the astounding news came to me that I was to write a poem for the Freshman Class, the breath almost left my body; but, soon recovering, I began pondering over all sorts of things, trying to find something suitable to apply to the Freshmen. I went down to the kitchen and borrowed the meat grinder and there I stood turning out different compounds, hoping to get something as good as Murfreesboro Hash (beg pardon of Dr. Bruner—"Beef Pudding"). Finding that I could secure nothing in this way, I went to the coffee mill and there turned out various kinds of coffee, feeling sure that the stimulating odor of the berry would help me, but my dull mind couldn't be lifted into the realms of poetry by such means. Leaving the kitchen, I went out to the roadside and there sat listening to the songs of the birds and to the music of the pines as they swayed to and fro on our beautiful campus. Wishing Nature would teach me the music of her notes, I heard only the voice of Uncle Sam marshaling the cows across the campus. Believing by this time that neither meat grinders nor Nature could produce anything suitable for a poem, I was about to give up all hopes, when Mother Goose came to my aid with those nursery rhymes familiar to every child:

"Tom, Tom, the Piper's son
Stole a pig and away he run."

And then I began,

Girls, girls, Oh what fun!
To steal those prunes and then all run.

then came to "Mary had a little lamb":

Jennie has a little beau,
This we all do surely know;
True, yes, from him do ever come
(O girls, do pray keep this mum)
Such letters, long and bright,
As cheer and give her great delight.

Next, "Jack and Jill" buzzed in my ears and I began,

Nell and Bert went out to play
A game of basketball one day;
Nell fell down and tore her gown
And vowed she'd always frown.

My brain reeled with many rhymes and, feeling that the influence of Mother Goose would soon drive me crazy if I didn't stop attempting to match sounds, and strengthening my failing mind with Hamlet, I heard a desperate Freshman!

To flunk or not to flunk; that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to endure the slings and arrows of outrageous teachers
Or to take arms against a sea of papers, and by opposing end them.
To flunk; to study; no more,
And by a flunk to say we end the heart ache and the thousand terrible books that we are
 heir to,
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.

I felt for my classmate, and needing to be soothed I listened to the rustling of
the trees and read:

 "This is the forest primeval
 The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,"

and I again felt sufficient inspiration to sing,

 We are the Freshmen contented;
 The rejoicing Freshmen and knowing,
 Troubled with work and all kinds of hard study (?)
 No, surely not we, for we stand like soldiers awaiting our foe,
 Trim, dauntless, courageous
 With no fear or terror—

and comforted I added, Should you ask me, whence these stories? Whence these
legends and traditions, with the odors of the pine trees and the songs of sweet
birds singing, I should tell you,

 They do come from Chowan College
 From that campus fair and lovely
 Where the girls are ever duteous
 And the stars shine oh, so beauteous.

But this sentimental strain couldn't last and, dejected, I declared that nothing
I could think of or compose was worthy of the Freshmen of 1911. In despair I
threw the material into the waste basket and that's why the Freshmen haven't a
poem.

NANCY VANN.

Literary Societies

C. O. V. A.

Organized 1875

President, ETTA BANKS

Vice-President, RENNIE SPIVEY

Secretary, CLAUDE STEPHENSON

Treasurer, RUTH LASSITER

Critic, MADGE CONWELL

Marshals / ROSA WILLIAMS
 / BIRDIE FETRELL

P. N. A.

Organized 1877

President, DAUGHT CARTER

Vice-President, CLARA EDWARDS

Secretary, CLAUDINE JOYNER

Treasurer, BEULAH VAUGHAN

Missionary Society

Young Woman's Auxiliary to the Woman's Missionary Society of the Southern Baptist Convention

President, MARY PARKER

Vice-President, RENNIE SPIVEY

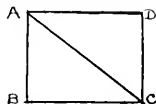
Secretary, MAGGIE WEST

Treasurer, GENEVA POWERS

Geometry Demonstration

EUNICE: Now, girls, I want some original proofs of this proposition: A straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Jennie, will you prove it, please?

(Eunice draws this figure on the board):



JENNIE: Let A and C be the two points and let AC be the straight line connecting these two points. Then let AB+BC be any other distance between these two points. To prove: AC is less than AB+BC and is, therefore, the shortest distance between the two points A and C.

EUNICE: Good, now go on with your proof.

JENNIE: Now let A, B, C, D be the tennis court, and let AB+BC equal the run any girl would make to hit a ball. Then let AC be the run Mary Parker makes after the ball. Therefore AC is less than AB+BC and is the shortest distance between A and C.

EUNICE: Why?

JENNIE: Because Mary always gets the ball.

EUNICE: Mary Parker, can you give a better proof than that?

MARY: I think so.

EUNICE: Well, try it.

MARY: Let A be the dining room and C be Claudine's room. Then let AC be the run Claudine makes to breakfast when she's late. Therefore, AC is the shortest distance between A and C.

EUNICE: A very good proof, but Annie looks as if she could tell us something about it. In your proof what would you let AC equal?

ANNIE: I'd let that equal the time it usually takes Daught to dress, and then let AB+BC equal the time it takes her to dress for a recital. Therefore AC is less than AB+BC.

EUNICE: Why?

ANNIE: Just because Daught always expects to see somebody on recital nights.

EUNICE: Now, Lizzie, what is your proof?

LIZZIE: Let AC equal the number of hours the girls are usually allowed to sleep. Let AB+BC equal the number of hours they slept the morning after April Fool's day. Therefore, AC is less than AB+BC.

EUNICE: Why?

LIZZIE: Because the rising bell was minus its clapper that morning.

LENNIE: I know a better way than that to prove it.

EUNICE: All right.

LENNIE: Let A be the dining room and let C be the place the girls had hidden the clapper. Then let AC be the run the girls made to get that clapper when Dr. Bruner asked for it the next morning. Therefore AC is the shortest distance between A and C.

EUNICE: Why?

LENNIE: Because they had to get it before they ate their breakfast.

EUNICE: It has been proved without a doubt that: A straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Now let's see what Claudine can tell us about circles. You know, Claudine, that the circumference of a circle is equal to Π or three and a fraction times the diameter. Can you tell us why Π equals three and a fraction?

CLAUDINE: I don't know unless a Chowan College girl ate that other fraction.

EUNICE: The other fraction of what?

CLAUDINE: Of that pie, of course.

EUNICE: Now Bashie, you give us a practical illustration of a circle.

BASHIE: The best one I know is Jennie's arm around Grace's waist. That's a circle.

EUNICE: That's a good one. I think by that you have a clear idea of what a circle is. Now just one more question. Beulah, why are the Seniors of '11 like a Geometry class?

BEULAH: Because they will travel over a rocky road of many angles and curves, will meet with pyramids of difficulties, and finally, through perseverance, will conquer the sphere.

E. L. E., '11.

Graduate in Expression



FLORIDA CANTRELL

Voice Graduates

JENNIE SEWELL

LENNIE STEPHENSON

LIZZIE STEPHENSON

Graduate in Art



LEVENIE SUMNER

Piano Graduates

GEORGIA BARTLEY

LOUISE DEANES

MAJE HORNE

ANNIE HOWELL

LENNIE STEPHENSON

Wanted

Wanted: Ten carloads of salt for immediate use. FRESHMAN CLASS.

Wanted: To have my photograph taken daily. R. LEARY.

Wanted: Just one midnight feast before graduation. B. VAUGHAN.

Wanted: A few more exempts. M. WEST.

Wanted: Mirrors on all sides. I. MEADS.

Wanted: An electric battery strong enough to transmit thrills from Carolina to Alabama. L. BRETT.

Wanted: *Justice*. MISS L. LANNEAU.

Wanted: To dwell in "Beulah" Land. BRUCE TAYLOR.

Wanted: To avoid the teachers at midnight. THE SOCIAL CLUBS.

Wanted: To study Geometry one more year. M. DAVENPORT and Z. LANE.

Wanted: Just one more hour's sleep. MISS L. OLIVE.

Wanted: More honey from a "bee." G. BARTLEY.

The College Bulletin

Lost—An alarm clock on April 1st. MISS MINNIE GASKINS.

Misplaced—Miss Johnson's coffee cup.

Lost—The crate of oranges sent by "my cousin." MISS OLIVE.

Lost—April 1st, the clapper to the rising bell. THE COOK.

Found—A new way to give tests once a week on Science. MISS LOUISE LANNEAU.

Heard—A false report about a dear friend of mine eloping. MISS LOIS VANN.

Lost—A *Parrott*. MAIE HORNE.

Formed—A voice and heart club: LIZZIE STEPHENSON and MISS SHIELDS.

Wanted—Country Life in America. D. CARTER.

Wanted—Some one to listen to his jokes. DR. BRUNER.

Wanted—Wake Forest pennants. J. FERE-BEE and L. VANN.

Wanted—An indefinite extension to third floor front, old building. MRS. BRUNER.

Athletics

Cherokee Basket Ball Team



Motto:

We live to play and play to win.

Colors:

Blue and Orange.

Yell:

Ke-mo-ki-mo
Der-einc-mal!
Me-He-me-Ha-
Ni Rump Stump Pump a Nickle!
Soup-Pack-Tiddle de winkle!
Coma-nipa-Copa songa
Polly won't you kimo?
Cherokee! Cherokee!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Captain, LOUISE VANN
Center, ETHEL BURDEN
Right Forward, NANCY BENTHALL
Left Forward, ROSA WILLIAMS
Right Guard, RUTH BOYETTE
Left Guard, ESSIE DOUGHTIE

Tuscarora Basket Ball Team



Colors:

Red and Black

Motto:

We come, we play, we conquer

Yell:

Hi yi, ki yi, sis, boom, bah!
Tuscarora! Tuscarora! Sure we are!
We're the team that's hard to beat.
We're the ones that know not defeat.
Tuscarora! Tuscarora! Tuscarora!

Team

Captain, ILLMA MEADS

Center, ETTA BANKS

Right Forward, MARY PARKER

Left Forward, RUTH LEARY

Right Guard, NANCY VANN

Left Guard, NELLIE LAWRENCE

TENNIS CLUB



The Painters' Club

Malto:

To find—
Music in color, rhythm in form,
Harmony of tints in the early morn,
Beauty in old *dry sticks*
And joy in everything.

Flower: Jonquil

Color: Yellow

Officers

MISS PARROTT, *Supervisor*

LEVENIE SUMNER, *President*

MARY WIGGINS, *Secretary*

Members

NANCY BENTHALL

LEVENIE SUMNER

EDNA PARKER

RUTH LEARY

ANNIE BOONE

MARY WIGGINS

Purpose

To be sociable; to search the magazines weekly for articles on art.

Things Seen

*Violet shadows in the yellow rose,
Green and purple lights on the parson's nose,
Depths of red in a new green frock,
Most beautiful tints in a rusty lock.*

*Yea, more than this we dare to see;
Color schemes for a dress in a honey bee,
In the sky we see a most delicate green,
O'er all the landscape a misty sheen.*

*Blue called white is nothing new,
It all depends on the point of view.
We look at a face and see it square;
Whatever we want we find it there.*



Adams Dramatic Club



SCENE FROM "THE AMERICAN GIRL"

Colors: White and Green

Flower: Narcissus

Motto: Be one's self naturally

Toast:

Here's to the girls who are clever and smart,
The ones who are skilled in all stage art.
Long, happy, brilliant may their lives ever be!
Here's to the Dramatic Club of old C. C.

Officers

President, BEULAH VAUGHAN

Vice-President, ZALMA LANE

Secretary, FLORIDA CANTRELL

Treasurer, BRUNICE JENKINS

Members

ETTA BANKS

MAGGIE BAUGHMAN

FLORIDA CANTRELL

LYNDA DOUGLAS

MARY ERIKSON

AGNES ETHERIDGE

The Chowan Quartette





THE GRINDERS

The Grinders

Aim: To pass on Normal Two

Colors: Black and white

Motto: "If I flunk, I flunk"

Officers

EUNICE EVANS, *President*

ANNIE HOWELL, *Secretary*

GEORGIE BARTLEY, *Treasurer*

Members

GEORGIE "ARISTOTLE" BARTLEY

CLARA "LYCURGUS" EDWARDS

FLORIDA "PESTALOZZI" CANTRELL

LILA "ERASMUS" BRETT

"ERASMUS" DAUGHT CARTER

EUNICE "LOCKE" EVANS

ANNIE "DUNS SCOTUS" HOWELL

CLAUDINE "LUTHER" JOYNER

EUNICE "ISOCRATES" MARTIN

MARY "THOMAS AQUINAS" PARKER

BASHIE "COMENIUS" SYKES

JENNIE "SPENCER" SEWELL

BEULAH "MULCASTER" VAUGHN

"COLBERT" GRACE STRAHL

MAGGIE "MELANCTHON" WEST

Toast:

Here's to Monroe's "Ed," the dearest book on earth.

Those only studying such know all it's worth.

Here's to Pestalozzi, Froebel, and Herbart,

'Tis sure with grief and sorrow with them we part.

Here's to Dr. Bruner, who lectures on them truly,

For what he tells us of them couldn't be written, surely.

Here's to the bravest Class the College ever knew;

No "bottomless pits of knowledge" yawn now for Normal Two.

Alaska Good Time Club

Motto:

Have the best time imaginable
With the least work possible.

Colors: Cherry and Cream

Time of Meeting:

Any old time after light bell

Flower: Sweet William

Place:

In the Conservatory

Officers

CLAUDINE JOYNER, *President*

CLAUDE STEPHENSON, *Vice-President*

GRACE STRAHL, *Secretary*

NANCY VANN, *Treasurer*

Members

ISLA BRITT—"Phil"-up

NANCY BENTHALL—Always "Dunning"

RUTH BAZEMORE—Sunshiny "Day"

JESSIE GARRETT—Very old "Nick"

CLAUDINE JOYNER—"Jo"-yfully "Whittly"-ing

ILMA MEADS—The "Hunter"

ROBERTA PEELE—The "Hale"-r

CLAUDE STEPHENSON—The most "Ernest"

JENNIE SEWELL—The "Gardner"

GRACE STRAHL—The "Love"-r

NANCY VANN—The "Joiner"

IRMA WARD—Mt. "Vernon" Girl

MAMIE WARD—The "Burden" bearer

Yell:

Hippety, hippety, hip, hurra!

We just have two meals a day!

Riffity, raffity, rif, ruf, ruckery!

That's all right for they feed us on turkey!



The D. D. C.'s

Motto:

Line up to your name

Flower:

Devil's Snuff-box

Yell:

Unmentionable

Colors:

All shades of red

Transportation:

Devil's Riding Horse

Trysting Place:

Wise's Graveyard

Time:

Midnight

Members

MARY DAVENPORT, Storage for Stolen Sweets

JENNIE FEREBEE, Ring-leader

NELLIE LAWRENCE, Daring Member

ILLMA MEADS, Watch Dog

INA MITCHELL, Devil's Work Shop

NANCY VANN, Originator of all devilment

LOUISE VANN, "Dear Dare"

ANNIE SUE WINBORNE, Angel



Midnight Dream Disturbers' Club



Motto:

Eat, drink, and be quiet, or the faculty will make you merry

Colors:

Wistaria and Green

Flower:

Wistaria

Pass Word:

Hush!

Punishment:

Demerits

Disaster:

Turning over things

Our Crave:

"Eating"

Yell:

Rah! rah! rah! wistaria and green,
You better watch out or you'll be seen.

Members

NANCY BENTHALL, Chief Disturber

SADIE CULLENS, Dreamer

JESSIE GARRETT, Joke Teller

SADIE JORDAN, Peacemaker

VENIE SUMNER, Listener

LYDIA STORY, Laughing Member

MARY WIGGINS, Squealer

Saturday Morning Club

Colors: Golden sunshine and sparkling water

Aim: To make dust and dirt fly

Time of Meeting: Saturday morning

Place of Meeting: Corridors

Most Frequented Place: Trash barrel

Members

Cleaner-in-chief, FLORIDA CANTRELL

Advisor, MATTIE BLANCHARD

Bed-maker, MARY EREKSON

Watchman, JANIE FUTRELL

Window-washer, MYRTLE BAZEMORE

Carpet-beater, OLA MOREHEAD

Lamp-cleaner, RUTH BOYETTE

Advocate of Grandma's washing powder,
RUTH COOKE

Lady of the Broom, MADGE CONWELL

Wielder of the Dusters, RUTH LASSITER

Champion of Dust-pan, ROSA FUTRELL

Wardrobe-keeper, LIZZIE MORRIS

Water-carrier, MAGGIE BAUGHAM

Bookkeeper, NOVA LOWE

Fault-finder, ROSA WILLIAMS

Ideal rooms—MISSES LOUISE FEREBEE'S and
BELLE VANN'S

Best friend—MISS MINNIE GASKINS

Terror of terrors—THE FACULTY

Worst Enemy—SATURDAY SCHOOL

Yell:

Rah! rah! rah! Broom and dust-pan,

And the cleanest rooms in the land.

According to Vote

Prettiest—JENNIE SEWELL

Most charming—LIZZIE STEPHENSON

Biggest grind—MAGGIE WEST

Most intellectual—EUNICE EVANS

Wittiest—CLAUDE STEPHENSON

Best musician—RETHA BANKS

Biggest flirt—SADIE CULLENS

Best athlete—MARY PARKER

Most dignified—CLARA EDWARDS

Biggest bluffer—RUTH LEARY

Cutest—IRMA WARD

Best all around girl—LOUISE VANN

Most stylish—JESSIE GARRETT

Most popular—NANCY VANN

Most fascinating—JENNIE FEREBEE

A Chapel Talk

REPORTED VERBATIM

WELL, young ladies, I am going to talk to you a few minutes this morning about the "beauty of ugliness." Yes, I knew when I said that I was going to talk about the "beauty of ugliness" that I would see you all smile, but you just wait and I am going to show you how pretty you think ugliness is.

Just look at you girls trying to walk in shoes about two numbers too small, and with heels about three inches high. You look as if you were walking on pins and yet you think that this is mighty pretty.

And look at you girls with fringes on your brows. Just because you had pretty foreheads you thought that you must hide them with your hair. The love of contrast among us Americans is startling. It would never do to have a pretty face and pretty hair too. Why no, if women these days have pretty hair, they just must have a Chinaman's queue to add to its beauty, they think. Girls, it's really a wonder that no more American women catch the plague from these Chinese queues than do. Why, half of the time this hair is cut from the heads of people who died with this dreadful disease.

And the very idea of having a pretty mouth and pretty teeth. That would be absurd. If you have a pretty mouth by all means neglect those beautiful ivory teeth, which add so much to the beauty of a woman, so as to have a contrast. Girls, you just ought to visit that school up in Alaska. You remember I told you one day about my trip up there. Well, I had a fine time. The girls up there wouldn't dare wear high-heeled shoes or Chinese queues. And the very idea of not putting on extra clothing if the coal should unexpectedly give out. Why, no, they would be afraid of catching a "hot." You know up there in that cold country they have "hots" instead of "colds" and they say that every time they have a "hot," they lose a certain degree of their beauty, and they don't think that ugliness is pretty as you girls do. Their beauty never breaks a looking glass. You know that happened among our faculty not long ago, but I guess I'd better not tell you about that.

When I was up in Alaska I asked the president of a Woman's College what he did when his girls came down to breakfast ten minutes late every morning, and got there then by combing their hair on the way down. He said to me in amazement, "Your girls don't do that way, do they? Why, my girls are always down when the bell rings." I had to say, "Yes, sir, they do." But I know you girls are not going to do so again.

Although these Alaska girls are such well-behaved girls, they are not half so loyal to their "Abma Mater" as my Chowan College girls. Just let me give you

one little incident. Not long ago, a number of girls from different colleges were discussing to what college they would belong if they did not belong to their own. The Meredith College girl said that if she were not a Meredith College girl she would be a Randolph-Macon College girl. The Woman's College girl said that if she were not a Woman's College girl she would be a Judson College girl. Finally, the Chowan College girl on being asked what she would be if she were not a Chowan College girl, replied, "If I were not a Chowan College girl, I'd be ashamed of myself." Now wasn't that loyalty?

Well, girls, as I am taking too much of your time, I'll leave off my talk on the "beauty of ugliness" until another day.

A. D. H., '11.



Hearts' Desires

DR. BRUNER: To be President of a Woman's College in Alaska.

MISS B. VANN: To be able to take the girls to walk without losing them.

MISS SHIELDS: To go to Texas to live.

MISS OLIVE: To prove that I *can* get oranges and tomatoes from Florida.

MISS LANNEAU: To be constantly in the presence of Miss Lois Vann.

MISS PATRICK: To have my happy Southern home to be protected by *Northern Shields*.

MISS FEREBEE: Heart medicine constantly.

MISS L. VANN: To find the Englishman I *didn't* find last summer.

MISS PARROTT: To have my own *Horne* to blow.

MISS JOHNSON: Midnight feasts.

MR. HOWELL: To look wise and keep "mum."

MRS. BRUNER: To have four more years in which to teach the Seniors to spell.

MISSSES FEREBEE AND BELLE VANN: To teach—only individual pupils.



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